

(1517)

A Riddle of STATE;

OR, THE

Parliament Triumphant.

To the Tune of, *The Pink Petticoat lac'd Round.*

O Brave *Parliament* !
That Antidotes our Fate ;
And cures all our Maladies,
In Church, as well as State :
The Terror of the Catholics,
The Overthrow of Rome ;
The Guardian of Protestants,
And all *Christianity*.

In came *Bob-tail*,
The Boast of the Town ;
And she was clad with Midnight,
And mask'd with the Moon,
She looked like a *Maid-Maid*,
And squinted with her Eye :
But would not pass a Complement,
Nor tell the Reason why.

Then came *Chority*,
(A sober lovely Lass)
And Pleaded much for *Conscience*,
That She might have a *Pass*.
But up 'rose *Discord*,
And gave her the lye ;
Pray, *Madam*, come another time,
But now stand by.

Then came *Jealousie*,
(The Mother of *Mischief*)
And, impudently, termed
State-Policy a Thief.
"She gave a Beggar Sixpence,
"And yet on Tryal found,
"That She had pick'd his Pockets
"Of full Five Pound.

Then came *N.—*,
Patch'd with her Crimes ;
And She had on a Petticoat,
Was turn'd ten times.
Her Limbs were made of *Laziness*,
Her Pockets full of Gold.
She picked up the *Parliament*,
For all the Whore was old.

Then came *Presbytery*,
Whom every one did Mock ;
For she had pin'd unto her bitch
The *Wings* of *Babel's Smock*.
The *Parliament* did pity her,
Because they saw her Poor ;
But up 'rose *Bob-tail*,
And kick'd her to the Door.

Next came *Papery*,
Her Face painted fair ;
But when she turn'd about her Tail,
They saw her Buttocks bare :
Her Smock was of *Conspiracy*,
She wore a Scarlet Gown ;
But, ere she ty'd her Top-knot,
They whipt her out of Town.

Then came *Cynosure*,
And humbly did pray,
To dissipate her Darkness
By one Bright Ray :
But *Aries* the Club-man
Eclipsed the Sun :
And *Phœbus* could not shine, for
The Devil upon Dun.

Then came *Gemini*,
And fell upon their Knees ;
And humbly acofted
The Noble King of Bees :
But, with a starn look,
He thus did reply,
"We can not take Wings,
"Till the *Parliament* fly.

O Happy is that Subject,
That eats his Honey-comb ;
Ne'r troubl'd with the Publick,
But lives in Peace at home :
He's happy that can rule himself,
A Monarch in his Mind.
Contentment is a Treasure, which
High Spirits seldom find.

LONDON, Printed in the Year MDCLXXXIX.